

Sixth Grade Language Arts – Dictation

Spring Woods

Miss Lavender and the children turned and walked on, the magic of the woods gathering round them and penetrating them. They looked and listened and sniffed, seeing the crumpled green leaves over their heads against a bright blue sky where the clouds were racing before a west wind, hearing the twitter of birds and the scuffling of rabbits in the bushes, smelling the scent of wet earth and moss and ferns. The sunshine seemed to get inside their eyes, brightening them, and the color that flooded the world seemed to be clothing them, too, so that they all three felt supremely beautiful.

Elizabeth Goudge, *A City of Bells*

Fresh Beginnings

The country was becoming more and more beautiful. It was that moment of spring when the world is pink and blue in the distance and yellow and white close at hand. Blue hills were piled against the sky in shapes more lovely than a man can build and the woods that lay at their feet or crept up their sides had all flushed rosily at the kiss of the spring. The gorse was in riotous bloom and each green field broke at its edge into a froth of blossoming blackthorn. The primroses were in flower and the larks were singing. It was a still, warm day after rain, and delicious smells came to Jocelyn through the window, the smell of the gorse and the wallflowers in the cottage gardens, the smell of wood smoke and freshly turned earth and rain-washed grass and fresh beginnings.

Elizabeth Goudge, *A City of Bells*